



SPAWN

HINE
MAYHEW
TROY

GUNSLINGER SPAWN: PART 1



ISSUE 174 DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN.COM

Capullo



TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

STORY
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PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN:

Al Simmons was a hit man for the US government until a treacherous assassin ended his life. At the moment of death, Al was offered a deal by the demon Malebolgia and returned to Earth as Spawn, a creature with supernatural powers born in Hell.

As Armageddon consumed the world, Spawn turned against his masters, destroying all life on Earth. While God and Satan continue their endless conflict in a parallel universe, Spawn has re-created the world and resurrected the human race, in what has become known as the White Light. The portals to Heaven and Hell are closed, leaving humanity free from the influence of angels and demons.

After a reunion with his brother, Richard, Al's long-buried memories are beginning to resurface. It seems that the mysterious Mammon has been manipulating Al Simmons since he was a child. When he returns to his parents' home, Al's father tells him that Mammon's influence stretches back even further. He gives Al the journal of his great grandfather, Henry Simmons, a journal that carries a dire warning for future generations...

Buffalo Soldiers:

During the American Civil War, almost 180,000 African-Americans fought on the side of the Union. Over 30,000 of them died. In July 1866, to recognize their service, an act of Congress authorized the formation of 2 cavalry regiments and 4 infantry regiments to be drawn from the black population. These regiments became popularly known as "Buffalo Soldiers". In spite of their distinguished service and frequent commendations for bravery, the Buffalo Soldiers were often victims of racism within the Army itself and from the civilian population they served.

The newly recruited soldiers were educated by chaplains to read and write - and education they may not have had in civilian life. Henry Simmons, the character featured in this story, is one of the success stories of the 'colored' regiments. An intelligent, educated man who served loyally and well, and rose to the rank of Sergeant. He might have progressed further if not for his involvement in the fracas at Bob Powell's saloon in early 1881. The event described here is loosely based on an actual incident when members of the 10th Cavalry, based at Fort Concho in Texas, reacted to the murder of a fellow soldier by a civilian in the nearby town of San Angelo.

This story takes place in the immediate aftermath, as Henry Simmons rides into the mountains of Colorado looking for refuge from the harsh winter snows.

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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

DEDICATED TO
CLINT EASTWOOD

FEBRUARY 1881. THE HILLS WEST OF COLORADO SPRINGS.

*I*HAT WAS ONE HELL OF A WINTER. ONLY A DAMNED FOOL OR A DESPERATE MAN WOULD BE RIDING OUT ALONE IN A BLIZZARD LIKE THAT.

*I*GUESS I WAS BOTH.

*I*THANKED GOD FOR MY BUFFALO HIDE COAT. I GOT IT FROM A PRIVATE IN THE 9th WHO TOOK IT AS SPOILS OF WAR FROM THE COMANCHES DURING THE STAKED PLAINS UPRISING IN '74.

*I*THE NUMBING COLD AND THE FATIGUE WORKED THEIR EFFECT ON ME AND I FELL INTO A KIND OF STUPOR. IN THAT WHIRLING KALEIDOSCOPE OF WHITE, I Began TO SEE IMAGES FORMING.

*I*BUFFALO COAT FOR A BUFFALO SOLDIER.

*I*LIKE A DROWNING MAN, MY LIFE PASSED BEFORE MY EYES.

*I*HERE I WAS, PROUD AS A PEACOCK, PARADING WITH MY COMRADES AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, WHERE I FIRST ENLISTED IN THE 10th CAVALRY.

I CONDUCTED MYSELF WELL AGAINST THE RENEGADE INDIANS OF KANSAS AND COLORADO, WAS MENTIONED IN LETTERS FOUR TIMES AND ROSE TO THE RANK OF SERGEANT.

LATER, AS I WILL TELL, I WAS OBLIGED TO CHANGE MY NAME TO HENRY RICHARD SIMMONS, BUT BACK THEN I WAS FRANCIS CHARLES PARKER, THE SON OF COTTON SLAVES, AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY AND THE EQUAL OF ANY MAN...

...OR SO I THOUGHT, UNTIL WE WERE POSTED TO FORT CONCHO, NEAR THE TOWN OF SAN ANGELO IN TEXAS.

I'VE HEARD THAT GENERAL SHERIDAN ONCE SAID "IF I OWNED HELL AND TEXAS, I WOULD RENT OUT TEXAS, AND LIVE IN HELL." I WOULD NOT ARGUE AGAINST HIM...

DON'T THEY LOOK QUITE CHARMING IN THEIR UNIFORMS, CLINGING TO THEIR HORSES LIKE MONKEYS?

A JIGABOO ON A HORSE IS NOT CHARMING. I CALL IT A GODDAMNED OFFENSE AGAINST NATURE.

HEY, SOLDIER BOY!

RELATIONS WITH THE CITIZENS OF SAN ANGELO WERE NEVER EASY, BUT THEY CAME TO A HEAD A FEW MONTHS LATER, WHEN ONE OF OURS WAS SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD AS HE RODE BY BILL POWELL'S SALOON.

BLAM!

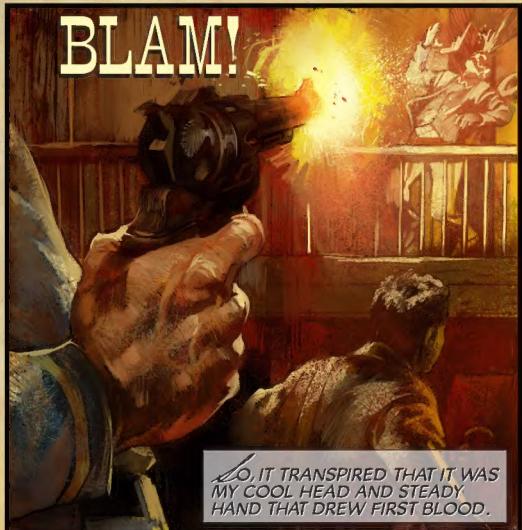
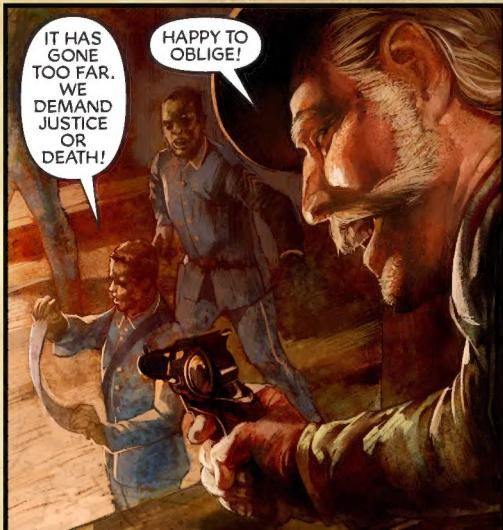
THERE NOW. I BELIEVE HE HAS LEARNED HIS PLACE.



WHEN THE MEN HEARD OF THE MURDER AND THAT THE CRIMINAL WAS WALKING FREE AND BOASTING OF IT, THERE WAS NO HOLDING THEM.



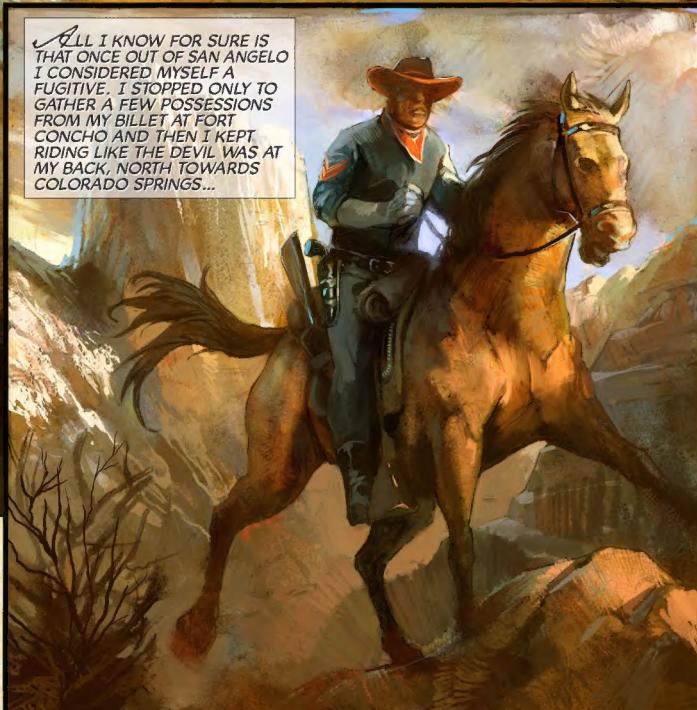
WE, THE SOLDIERS OF THE U.S. ARMY, DO HEREBY WARN COW-BOYS AND OTHERS OF SAN ANGELO AND VICINITY, TO RECOGNIZE OUR RIGHT OF WAY, AS JUST AND PEACEABLE MEN. IF WE DO NOT RECEIVE JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY, WHICH WE MUST HAVE, SOME ONE MUST SUFFER. IF NOT THE GUILTY, THE INNOCENT.



SO, IT TRANSPRIRED THAT IT WAS MY COOL HEAD AND STEADY HAND THAT DREW FIRST BLOOD.



THEN ALL HELL LET LOOSE. I'VE HEARD MANY VERSIONS OF WHAT HAPPENED THERE. SOME SAY A DOZEN OR MORE LAY DEAD AT THE END OF IT. SOME THAT THERE WERE NONE SLAIN AT ALL. I CAN'T VOUCH FOR THE ACCURACY OF ANY ACCOUNT.



ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT ONCE OUT OF SAN ANGELO I CONSIDERED MYSELF A FUGITIVE. I STOPPED ONLY TO GATHER A FEW POSSESSIONS FROM MY BILLET AT FORT CONCHO AND THEN I KEPT RIDING LIKE THE DEVIL WAS AT MY BACK, NORTH TOWARDS COLORADO SPRINGS...

...TO ALMA, MY ALMA...





I LOST COUNT OF THE DAYS I JOURNEYED, DEPENDING ON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS TO FEED ME.

I KNEW I COULD NOT RIDE INTO COLORADO SPRINGS, WHERE THE LAW WOULD BE WAITING FOR ME, SO I HEADED INTO THE HILLS ABOVE THE CITY WITH THE IDEA THAT I WOULD SOMEHOW SEND WORD TO ALMA.

A BLIZZARD DESCENDED ON ME AND I THINK I WOULD HAVE GIVEN MYSELF TO THE STORM'S ICY EMBRACE, IF IT WERE NOT FOR MY FIANCÉE'S SMILING FACE, EVER BEFORE ME.



THEN I SAW HIM. HE APPEARED FROM NOWHERE, AS IF HE WAS CONJURED RIGHT OUT OF THE SNOW...



...DRESSED ALL IN WHITE ON A HORSE AS BLACK AS DEATH.



EVEN AT THAT DISTANCE, I COULD FEEL HIS EYES UPON ME.



AND THEN, WITHOUT A SIGN, HE TURNED AND RODE AWAY. I FIGURED THAT, COATLESS AS HE WAS, THERE MUST BE SHELTER NEARBY. SO I FOLLOWED HIM.



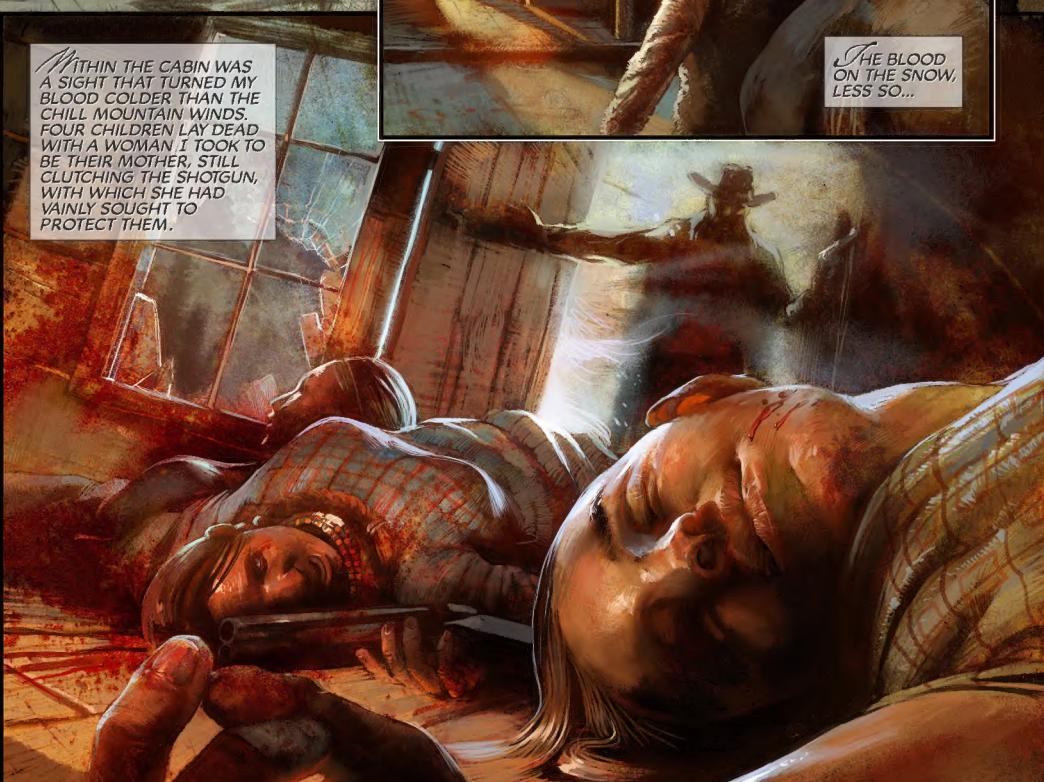
I LOST SIGHT OF THE RIDER BUT AFTER A SHORT WHILE I CAME UPON THE HEART-WARMING SIGHT OF A CABIN.

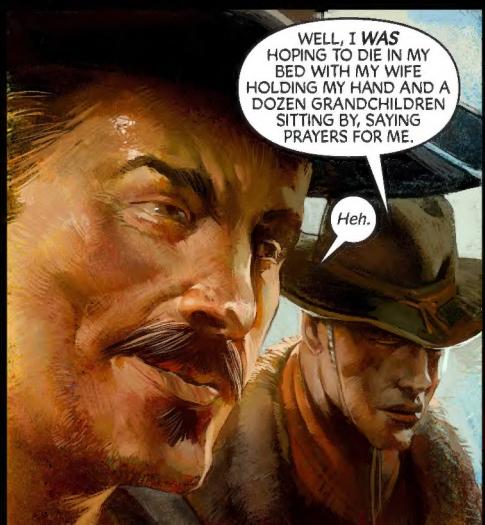


*W*ITHIN THE CABIN WAS A SIGHT THAT TURNED MY BLOOD COLDER THAN THE CHILL MOUNTAIN WINDS. FOUR CHILDREN LAY DEAD WITH A WOMAN I TOOK TO BE THEIR MOTHER, STILL CLUTCHING THE SHOTGUN, WITH WHICH SHE HAD VAINLY SOUGHT TO PROTECT THEM.

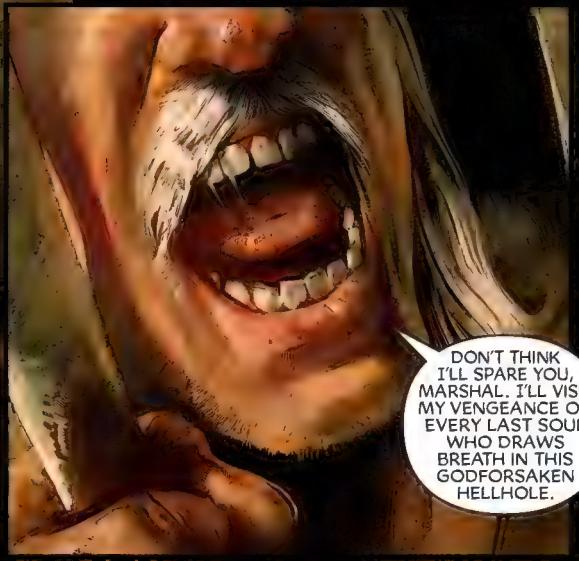


*T*HE BLOOD ON THE SNOW, LESS SO...











BEST GET USED TO OL' JOB'S SERMONIZING. HE USED TO BE A PREACHER BEFORE HE WENT NATIVE AND SET UP HOUSE WITH THAT INDIAN SQUAW.

LORD KNOWS WHAT GOD HE WORSHIPS NOW.



MY WIFE HAS A NAME.

AND I'LL GIVE MY ALLEGIANCE TO ANY GOD OR DEVIL WHO WILL GRANT ME A SINGLE DAY OF FREEDOM TO PAY BACK THE BLOOD OF MY WIFE AND CHILDREN.

WILL YOU HOBBLE YOUR LIP NOW AND GIVE ME SOME PEACE?



WHAT'S SHE CALLED?

WHUT?



YOUR WIFE; WHAT'S HER NAME?



KIMI.



KIMI. THAT'S A GOOD NAME.

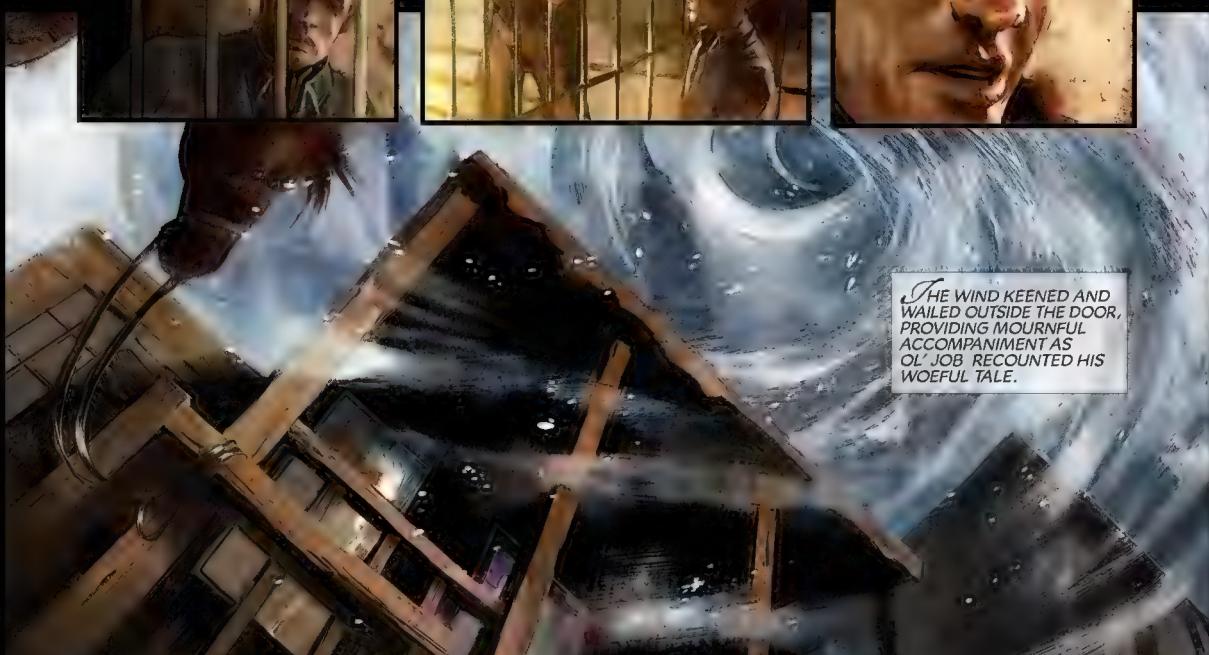
IT MEANS SECRET.

SHE KEPT HER OWN COUNSEL MOSTLY.

SHE WAS A GOOD WOMAN.



WHAT HAPPENED UP THERE? WHO IS THIS KEMPER FELLOW?



THE WIND KEENED AND WAILED OUTSIDE THE DOOR, PROVIDING MOURNFUL ACCOMPANIMENT AS OL' JOB RECOUNTED HIS WOEFUL TALE.



I LIVED PEACEABLY ENOUGH ON MY OWN LAND. THESE TWO DECADES PAST I'VE TRAPPED FUR AND TRADED HONESTLY WITH THE PEOPLE OF BANE.



"THEN SILVER WAS STRUCK AND THE VERMIN SWARMED IN. SELF-PROCLAIMED 'BUSINESSMEN' LIKE ED KEMPER AND HIS GANG OF THIEVES. HE'S BOUGHT UP MOST OF THE LAND HEREABOUTS. I STOOD AGAINST HIM. I KNOW THERE'S SILVER ON MY LAND BUT I WANT NONE OF IT."

THERE'S NO PRICE WILL BUY MY LAND OR MY HOME.

HERE I STAND, KEMPER.



"I WASN'T THERE WHEN HIS MEN RETURNED. MY CONJECTURE IS THAT THEY THOUGHT TO INTIMIDATE MY DEAR WIFE.

"THEY DIDN'T KNOW KIMI. SHE DON'T COTTON MUCH TO INTIMIDATION."



THEY MURDERED THEM ALL. AND NOT ONE MAN IN THIS TOWN WOULD LIFT A FINGER AGAINST THE GUILTY PARTY.

SO I WENT AFTER HIM MYSELF. I PUT DOWN TWO OF HIS LACKEYS BEFORE I WAS SUBDUED.

IT'S THEIR BLOOD YOU SEE ON ME. I HAVE NO SHAME FOR IT.

I'D SPILL THE BLOOD OF EVERY BASTARD IN THIS TOWN AND BATHE IN IT GLADLY.

THAT COULD BE ARRANGED.

ONCE AGAIN THE MAN IN WHITE HAD APPEARED WITH NO FOREWARNING.

THE DEPUTY WAS DEAD TO THE WORLD, ALTHOUGH HE HAD NOT TAKEN MORE THAN A GLASS OF WHISKEY.

GENTLEMEN, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO LEAVE THIS PLACE? WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE?

WHAT PRICE ARE YOU ASKING?

THE ONLY THING EITHER OF YOU HAS LEFT TO BARTER. YOUR SOUL.

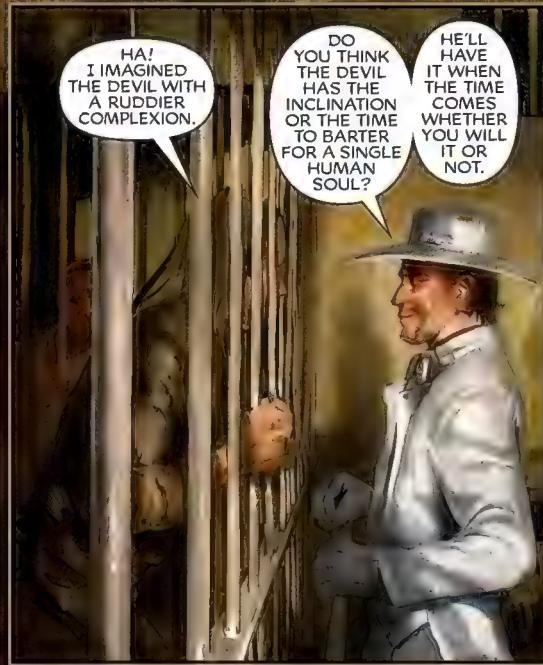


HA! I IMAGINED THE DEVIL WITH A RUDDIER COMPLEXION.

DO YOU THINK THE DEVIL HAS THE INCLINATION OR THE TIME TO BARTER FOR A SINGLE HUMAN SOUL?

HE'LL HAVE IT WHEN THE TIME COMES WHETHER YOU WILL IT OR NOT.

THE ONE I REPRESENT IS THE DEMON MALEBOLIA.







KERASSH!

UNLOCK THOSE CELLS NOW SILAS. THOSE SKUNKS AIN'T WORTH TAKING A BULLET FOR.

THEY DON'T SEE HIM. HE'S STANDING THERE AS PLAIN AS A BOIL ON A WHORE'S BACKSIDE AND THEY DON'T SEE HIM.

IN DUE REGARD FOR NATURAL JUSTICE, THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF THE TOWNSHIP OF BANE, COLORADO HAS DULY CONCLUDED THAT IN THE CASE OF THE NOTORIOUS MURDERS OF ARTHUR SHAW AND MICHAEL REILLY BY THIS HERE MISCREANT...

...AND THE UNHOLY MASSACRE OF HIS OWN KITH AN' KIN, NAMELY HIS SQUAW WHORE AND FIVE BASTARD CHILDREN...

...THE PRISONER KNOWN AS OL' JOB IS HEREBY CONDEMNED TO HANG BY HIS FILTHY NECK UNTIL DEAD...

...AND THE NIGGER WITH HIM.





ALMA.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER, I REMEMBER AS ONE LONG NIGHTMARE. IT BEGAN AS THE ROPE BIT INTO MY NECK AND MY VISION TURNED RED.

ABOVE THE RINGING IN MY EARS, I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE MARSHAL.



CUT THOSE MEN DOWN!

I'LL HAVE NO LYNCHING IN MY TOWN.

GODDAMMIT! I SHOULD'A GONE FOR THE LONG DROP.



SHALL I SHOOT HIM?

BETWEEN THE EYES IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER SHAW.

THE OTHER ONE TOO?



I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE OTHER.

JUST KILL ME THAT CURSED BIBLE THUMPER!

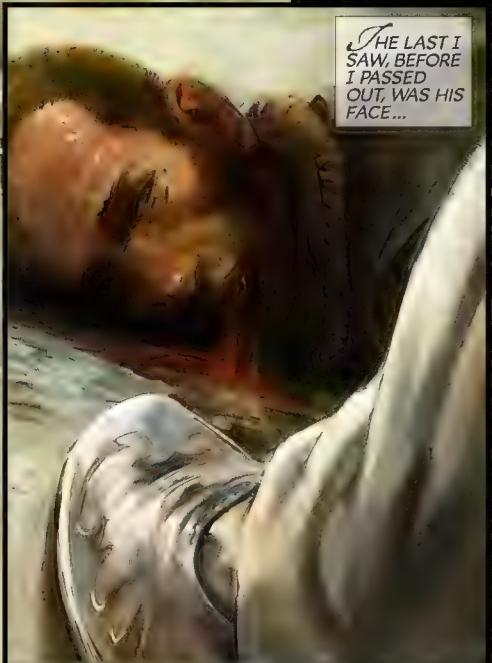
THE MAN IN WHITE TOUCHED
THE SHOOTER'S ARM. NO
MORE THAN THAT. A TOUCH...



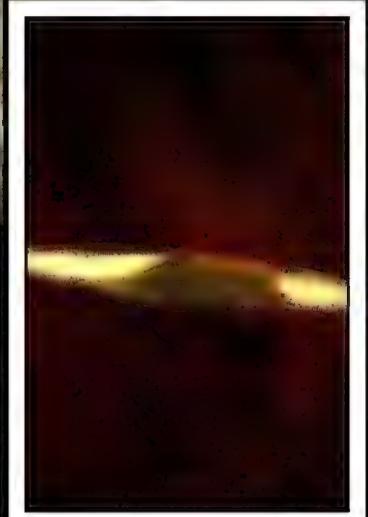
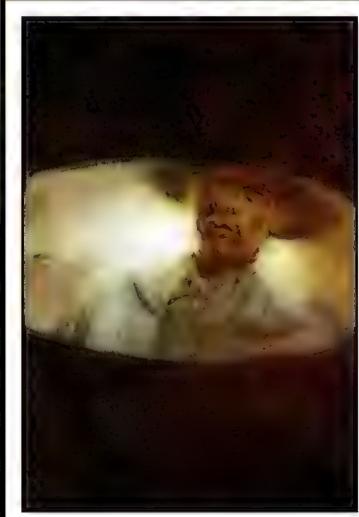
...AND MY LIFE WAS SPARED.



THE LAST I
SAW, BEFORE
I PASSED
OUT, WAS HIS
FACE...



...HIS
DAMNED
FACE.



HOW
IS HE?

HE'LL
LIVE.

NO!
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT.

DON'T
TRY TO
SPEAK, YOU'VE
BEEN DAMN' NEAR
CHOKED TO
DEATH.

JUST
REST
EASY.

I TURNED
HIM DOWN.
IT WAS JOB
MADE THE DEAL.
IT WAS JOB
WHO SHOULD
HAVE LIVED.

JOB IS LAID
UP ON A BOARD IN
MY OFFICE.

FOR GOOD
OR ILL THE OLD
BASTARD HAS
BREATHED HIS
LAST...

"...SO UNLESS JESUS
CHRIST HIMSELF
PASSES BY TO RAISE
HIM, WE'LL SEE NO
MORE OF OL' JOB."









...LET THE
KILLING
COMMENCE!

To Be Continued...





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE

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